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VOL. LXXIV.

No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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Cantabunt SCHOLÆ, unanimique PATRÆ."

DECEMBER, 1908.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-fourth Volume with the number for October, 1908. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors or their authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Horace W. Stokes, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to Frederick A. Morrell, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIV. DECEMBER, 1908. No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1909.

LEONARD BACON.

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HORACE W. STOKES.

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BUSINESS MANAGER, - - FREDERICK A. MORRELL, JR.

YALE FIELD.

THE ideal leader blends a literary flavor with the spirit of reform, and, like Goldsmith, the aspiring editor offers this mixture to the unsuspecting public, with a prayer that the reader will not discover its true essence until unwittingly his interest has been aroused. This leader, however, emerges from the depths of White protected by no disguise, for the subject on which it is written has been discussed in the *Alumni Weekly*, the *News* and in the LIT. "Notabilia." We regret that for many reasons we cannot comment on the classic Grecian atmosphere that a Yale stadium would lend to the game of football, and that instead of escaping from the commonplace, we must rely on it to gain a hearing; but the importance of the subject demands further consideration, and for support we turn to those unfortunates who were forced to scan the ticker to learn the results of the great game.

Eight thousand of them had the right, as our own graduates, to receive admission; other thousands, the alumni of eminent universities, men as much interested in athletics as numbers of those who gained our gates, were excluded from the slightest chance of entrance because, naturally, the Yale and Harvard graduates took precedence of them—a somewhat unsure precedence into the bargain. Football is growing in popularity and deserves the esteem in which it is held. A Yale-Harvard contest on the gridiron is a sight that should be witnessed by every man in the country, for the qualities shown by the players of both teams—their pluck, their perseverance, their subordination to authority—are the visible tokens of a spirit that grows with recognition, a spirit that we hope is rife among us all. We cannot, of course, allow to other colleges and to the public what we do not receive ourselves; but now, when we realize that the climax is upon us and that with some exertion and self-sacrifice we shall soon be able to satisfy the demands of all who come to us, if we do not take steps to meet this climax—with which Harvard has coped successfully—we show ourselves guilty of injustice and unworthy of the widespread enthusiasm with which our athletic efforts are acclaimed.

Some of the “*terque beati*” who gained admission to the spectacle last month were in no condition to enjoy it. They had been forced, at the rate of a yard a minute, through a human pulp mill that left the weakest of them breathless and exhausted. In a commendable zeal to furnish the frenzied graduates with as many seats as possible, the football management sacrificed one necessity for another, and allowed too few entrances to accommodate the advancing thousands. A series of accidents was averted only because the large crowd had a personnel infinitely superior to that of an average gathering of people.

Perhaps the more scornful of us will sneer when the anxious editor adds yet another horror to his chapter of possible accidents. For years the present stands have been the support of such tremendous excitement that their timbers have been

sapped beneath the flaming enthusiasm and the weight of the recurring multitude. These stands are old and dry. May they not, like the crowd, become enkindled and roar a sinister accompaniment to the cheers that they contain? A fire in them would, without doubt, bear fatal consequences, and while but few of the alumni and the undergraduates are actually deterred from witnessing the game through fear of this ominous possibility, the fact remains that cigars are universally enjoyed and that often there is straw about the field.

It is very easy, of course, to suggest imaginary remedies for present evils, to declaim against the existing order of things without offering anything more substantial than an air castle in substitution, and to shout for immediate action without making any move toward the accomplishment of what we so loudly invoke. In the present case, however, accomplishment will be attained only by the coöperation of all alumni and undergraduates in performing work whose method is perfectly obvious. The actual issue of bonds by the Athletic Association, to obtain the money necessary for the erection of the building, will be a simple matter when once the great need of such a building is impressed upon us all. As the management this year was forced to return twenty thousand dollars offered them for tickets that they did not have, we need not tremble lest the interest on such bonds may exceed the increase of the gate receipts that a future stadium will afford to us. In the meantime, we must expend considerable sums to keep the present wooden stands in proper repair; we must maintain, day and night, a squad of watchmen at the Field, lest an untimely fire should force us to forego the contest, and we must annually refuse a large sum, of which we stand in need. In answer to those who object to an issue of bonds such as has been suggested, on the ground that it will commercialize athletics, we can only say that undergraduates of the University have this year offered fifty dollars for a single ticket, in spite of the fact that they knew what a bitter war the football management has always waged against speculation; and as this evil will be practically eliminated when we

have more room, it seems somewhat unjust to say that in suggesting the issue of bonds that would probably be held by Yale men, to erect a useful and much needed building, we are computing the future grit and muscle of Yale players in terms of present dollars and cents. The money side of athletics should, of course, be subordinated as far as possible, but to place it ultimately where it belongs, we must not consider it from the viewpoint of an idealism that in this case is based upon utter fallacy.

Even if we do consider it from the idealistic side, is it not true that the substitution of a symmetrical and permanent structure for a huge and unsightly mass of weather-beaten timbers, is of advantage to any college? What if the structure is intended to enclose a football match instead of a Greek play? To Yale such a building will be of especial advantage, and to learn the reason you need but to walk across her campus—beautiful in spite of its surrounding mass of varied and fantastic architecture. The Harvard stadium combines a great utility with a simple and impressive beauty. The hoped-for Yale stadium will do all of this and more, for it may cause us to forget temporarily the gargoyles of Osborn. On the grounds, then, of justice to our graduates and fairness to the public, of utility, safety, ultimate economy and even of beauty, the LIT. implores the whole body of Yale men to coöperate with the Athletic Association in its desire to erect a fitting tribute to the feats of Yale's former athletes, and to the strong and self-sacrificing efforts of her younger sons.

Horace W. Stokes.

A GREEK DANCER.

To see thee in that airy rapturous whirl
Of snowy limbs, and garments flying free,
A spirit, rather than a dancing-girl,
Incarnate gaiety—

Recalls the clear joy of a summer's day,
And the soft murmuring of sunny seas;
The cliff-grown evergreens that swing and sway
In the fresh morning breeze.

But when again, to solemn minor strain
Thy stately form in slower rhythm floats,
Like the sad swan that sings in mortal pain
Its few immortal notes,

A midnight mountain-scene appears to me,—
A sacred calm no human presence mars;
And the black shadow of a cypress tree
Outlined against the stars.

Wayland W. Williams.

ÆSTHETES AND LAY PREACHERS.

THERE are two essential features in a normal Sunday—the sermon, and the especially good dinner. There are also, as it happens, just two unessential but popular points of view, with which we shall deal in this essay, and they may be characterized in terms of the two divisions of Sunday. They may fittingly be termed respectively the pie point of view and the preacher point of view, for this reason: the one attitude would consider the dinner more important than the sermon; the other would consider the sermon more important than the dinner. The man in the preacher attitude would be interested in hearing the minister tell him how one may serve one's fellow-men; the man in the pie attitude would be interested in having the cook show him how one may serve one's fellow-men. These two points of view have been applied to Art, and in particular to Letters, in a way which is interesting and may be worth examining.

The apostles of the pie maintain that the purpose of a work of art should be solely to appeal to the senses, as does a surf bath, or an English mutton chop. They are insistent upon this principle that they wish to shut out from their art all expression of moral or ethical truth. The cadence of their verses and the movement of their imagery must produce sensations and stir up emotions, but must not convey any philosophical ideas. They will not have the surf shout to them the moral axiom of the beauty of warmth on sun-sparkling sand; they savagely refuse to let the chop set forth, by its splendid symbolism, the great principle that physical labor brings its own reward. And the reason they give for holding this peculiarly narrow position is even narrower than the position itself. It is nothing more than a belief that it is only by being sensual that a man can be himself. When living in an idea, a person, they hold, is not really himself, but the man by whose thought he is possessed. No one may dare to think for fear of finding that he is Socrates, or Bacon, or Mrs. O'Brien, the

washing-lady. He must confine himself to orange phosphates and facial massages, because in enjoying these things he is, by a happy chance, himself, and not either the fountain-clerk or the barber. Even if this latter position is true, it is certainly not a valid reason for giving up ideas and taking to sensations. For if a man can be himself only by eating, drinking, and reading alliteration, he should certainly have no objection to being somebody else most of the time.

The apostles of the preacher, on the other hand, seem to think that a work of art should be a sort of pill, with a brown core of ethical teaching and a light blue, sweetened coating of appeal to the senses. All art, they hold, should in one way or another express moral truth. Apparently they believe in applying to church-going the spirit usually connected with dinner-going—and not Sunday dinners at that—the spirit of the old, often-repeated refrain, “I don’t care if I never come back!” The trouble with this attitude is that there is not enough morality in it. The coming back is the only part of church-going which saves the whole performance from being wholly wicked. One example of the way in which this point of view works out should be enough to illustrate its total immorality. It is a common experience to hear religious people make the statement, that a man should work his way into prominent positions in all sorts of activities, merely in order to be better able to “influence” other people. From the point of view of ethics, could any attitude be more completely wrong? Unless the work in each activity is done wholly from a spirit of enthusiasm for that particular activity and a belief that it is thoroughly worth while for its own sake, that work is a stronger “influence” for bad than any moral words dropped from an exalted position can be for good. The spirit which would lead a man to try to be captain of the swimming team, simply in order that some plunger may be more likely to believe him when he says that reckless betting leads to undesirable results, will certainly take away more joy and profit from the world by devitalizing swimming than it will add by diminishing gambling. And yet this is identically the same spirit of

desire to sugar-coat morality that would have every poem merely a sermon more agreeably put. A very good sermon might be written on the duty of poets to supply the world with poetry and not with religious teachings. Another sermon, equally wholesome, though not equally necessary, might set forth the duty of aeronauts to furnish theories of aerial navigation and not, except in a secondary way, theories of the advisability of using alcohol. Still another might make it clear that it is the duty of cabbage-farmers to produce cabbages and not mechanical toys.

The peculiar and interesting thing about the respective attitudes of the pie and preacher philosophers, is not that each side fails to prove itself in the right, for that is common enough. The fascinating thing about their arguments is that each side seems to prove the other in the right. After listening to the arguments for sensuality of the apostles of the pie, it seems as if the only function of Art really worth while were the conveying of ethical ideas. After hearing the other side's arguments for perpetual preaching, a man feels that he would like to have all his poetry a mere gratifying phenomenon, like maple syrup.

Thus both positions are proved. There is absolutely no danger of not being able to pick out the right one, because both are correct. A work of art is primarily an expression of moral truth, *because* it primarily appeals to the senses, or, specifically, to the sense. A good poet is a preacher, for the same reason that a good cook or a good commander of a life-saving station is a preacher; or, to take another example at random, for the same reason that a good preacher is a preacher. A good preacher is a preacher because he demonstrates the great, fundamental moral truth, that it is the duty of a man to benefit some part of other men, by spending his effort in keeping other men's souls alive and nourished. The cook and the life-saver are preachers, because they make clear the same doctrine by keeping men's bodies alive and nourished. The literary worker registers a belief in this same principle, and not only preaches but even acts morality, when he holds to his proper function of keeping alive and active men's minds.

C. E. Lombardi.

BARREN GROUND.

WHEN Tommy Gordon returned to America, after a three years' sojourn in the city of art and absinthe, he brought with him a faint but perceptible halo of literary distinction. Not the distinction which comes with an accent and an out-of-date adjective, but that which dogs the footsteps of the man who has caused an actual ripple in the pond of Letters. For Tommy had "made good"—as his father and his father's father had before him. Half a dozen stories represented the slender result of his three years' pilgrimage, but they had been enough to bring him more than his share of reputation. He came back to find his old friends friendlier; his old enemies singularly mellow. The world took on a rosier hue. Tommy's days grew suddenly all too short; work became harder, if possible, than before. His name began to creep into the "society notes," and the more watchful of the mammas began to speak of him as a "nice boy." The inevitable happened.

Not so very long after he became engaged, Tommy succumbed to the germ of Socialism. For weeks and weeks he had followed, without the slightest interest, the spectacular movements of a train, not inappropriately called the "Red Special." One day a friend of his father—a young man with snapping eyes and cigarette-stained fingers—called Tommy away from a game of golf to a meeting in Carnegie Hall. It was a very large meeting, and Tommy saw more kinds of people than he had ever seen together before; he heard the Marseillaise sung as only fanatics can sing it; he heard men speak of the "brotherhood of man," with tears in their eyes and a sob in their throats. To Tommy, with his novelist's mind strung like a harp to catch every breath of pathos and romance, it was all very real. He went home with an armful of "literature" in red paper bindings, with woodcuts of Eugene Debs and Abraham Lincoln on the covers—pamphlets black with staring letters and marked in blue pencil by the youth with the cigarette-stained fingers. That evening Tommy read

the account of the "Red Special's" program with a strange feeling of familiarity and sympathy, so that his mother asked him twice if he wasn't working too hard on the links.

If Tommy had been less of a gifted writer and more of an everyday man like the rest of us, he probably would have weathered the threatening storm, but the picturesque, pathetic, tragic notes in the socialistic scale awoke echoes in his heart; he saw only the novelist's side of the thing—the dramatic moments, the unknown heroes, the noble fight for an impossible victory. Like most Socialists, he was too interested in the glorious temple of the future to think much about the quality of plaster and bricks in its foundation. For days he dwelt in a realm of ideal institutions and perfect human beings—a place where sorrow and evil and toil were unknown. Then, in an unthinking moment, he accepted an invitation to speak at a "Red" dinner and the following morning he awoke to see his picture in the papers as "another convert." During the next few weeks—and they shot by like hours—he rose into the upper air of publicity like a captive balloon when the rope has broken. Columns on "the gifted young author" filled the press, editorials of warning to the youth of the country accompanied photographs taken in his college days—his short stories fluttered into flame. If at first he had tried to deny his allegiance to "the Cause," he no longer desired to. In faultless black, with the red badge pinned to his coat lapel, he addressed the motley followers of Marx from Harlem to the Battery; spoke in evening clothes from the rear of a scarlet dray on the Bowery; made the opening toast at the great annual dinner at the Waldorf. The young man with the stained fingers had given way to a florid German, who wore suspenders without a vest and who picked his teeth with a match in public; "Maxy" Schwartz, they called him—the head of a Community in the Catskills. There came a day when it began to be rumored that Tommy was actually going to join that Community. The papers raked up all the similar cases of the past few years; Tommy's friends began to admit that he was "going the limit."

So it came about that, one evening at the end of the summer, Tommy was sitting on the veranda of a country place in Westchester, trying to explain all this to a girl with deep brown eyes and warm black hair; a girl who sat very still and seemed much more interested in Tommy himself than in his talk of ideal commonwealths and "Maxy" Schwartzes. You would have thought that Tommy might have noticed the fact; but he went straight on in his little lecture, with a persistent stupidity which did honor to Socialism. Strange—how we never appreciate our diamonds until we lose them! Tommy thought a great deal about this conversation during the next few weeks and his conclusions were invariably uncomplimentary to his own good judgment. Yet as he talked, he was all enthusiasm, all confidence, all eagerness.

Fortunately for Tommy, the girl made up in good sense and judgment what he for the time had lost. If she disapproved of his new friends, if she disagreed with his theories, if she was hurt by his plan to join the Community for a year, at least she had the strength not to show it. She listened quietly to his tedious recital, smiled bravely when he spoke vaguely of "next year," gaily promised to visit the Community at some indefinite time in the future. What it cost her—if indeed it cost her anything—Tommy never knew. Perhaps she realized that he was sure to come out of it, like a boy with the measles, if only the malady were allowed to run its course.

In any event, that is how Tommy Gordon happened to join "Maxy" Schwartz's now famous Community in the county of Ulster. I have said that Tommy "described" this Community to the girl with the brown eyes and the black hair; but, alas, that was an exaggeration. As I have tried to point out, Tommy was young and a good deal like the rest of us in his dislike of hard work. With all his speaking before socialistic audiences, with all his toasts at socialistic banquets, he didn't really know very much about Socialism. He thought he did; all his best friends thought he did; and if "Maxy" Schwartz knew better, he also knew enough to hide his suspicions. The young man with the cigarette-stained fingers had

seen to Tommy's socialistic education, and he had been thorough—as far as one can be thorough with a red-paper pamphlet containing the speeches of Eugene Debs and a reprint of the Declaration of Independence. But it must be confessed that the “plain but simple” literary style of Socialism's preachers rather grated on Tommy's overeducated nerves. Carl Marx is rather dull, after you've been brought up on fiction, and for a time Tommy searched diligently for something “readable” on the question. But one day a young man out in Chicago sent Tommy a much-talked-of book—a famous “yellow” novel, with a plot like a lighted firecracker and a “yellowness” that nearly made one color-blind. Tommy read the first four chapters, and then went back to the calmer, more peaceful Debs. Hence his limited knowledge on practical Socialism.

As far as the actual Community itself was concerned, Tommy was, if possible, even more ignorant. During the previous few weeks of dining, and “conferring,” and whirling “Maxy” Schwartz to and from big meetings in his father's automobile, Tommy had, it is true, gradually soaked in a mass of general details. He knew, for instance, that the settlement was made up of a dozen cottages and a large “auditorium,” on the outskirts of a small town in the heart of the hills. He knew that the members lived on a strictly communistic, fraternal basis, sharing their food, their money, their clothes and their labor; that each man worked a part of each day with his hands; that “social gatherings” were held every night, in the different “cottages” by turns. He knew—though only vaguely—that the Honorable “Maxy” had charge of the Community's treasury; and he knew perfectly that he himself had paid that gentleman's expenses, during the past “campaign” for Socialism in New York. But he did not know that the “brotherhood,” which was so ready to share their all in return for his allegiance, had nothing to share; he was hardly in a position to realize that he was an especially valuable convert, because of the small fortune which he had in his own right, and he was as yet unacquainted with the

characters who were to be so close to him in those nightly "social gatherings." So he said good-bye to his family, and carefully forgot to say good-bye to most of his friends, and started merrily forth on the path made famous by the feet of Coleridge and Southey, and—

Surprising and disappointing as his first impressions of the place must have been, they failed to diminish Tommy's enthusiasm. True, he found that the "cottage," which he was to occupy "temporarily," was nothing but a shack, nearly a mile up in the hills above the town, and the "auditorium," about which he had heard so much, turned out to be an abandoned schoolhouse, remodeled for the use of the Community. But Tommy cared nothing about the "auditorium," and as for the shack—it had a big fireplace in working order and was situated out on a shoulder of the hill, with a view of the surrounding country which took one's breath away. What more could a man want? A cosy fire and a marvelous view, and the fun of camping out all the time—surely these were enough! The other members, it must be admitted, did not appeal to Tommy as he had expected. But here, too, the situation was saved by the shack, so far up in the hills—he could get away when necessary. Illogical, you complain? Ah, but who is not illogical under the stress of necessity? Tommy certainly was. He told himself that under the socialistic order, "men were to have the freest opportunity to use their divine gifts," and that, therefore, he would be set to work writing socialistic classics in the popular form of the day, the short story. He pictured himself in a snug little cottage, writing busily away at "the" poem of the year; saw visions of New York publishers flocking to the Community, to interview him about his next book. And so it came as a rather rude shock to be told to go to work on the farm, with a team of mules and a one-eyed Swede. But novelty is the saving grace of this world, and Tommy's spirits rose to meet the blow. He was too surprised at first, and too interested to complain. Besides, it all made good "copy," and, first and last, whether he knew it or not, Tommy was looking for "copy." He knew nothing about horses and

he was merely a hindrance to the Swede, but that gentleman was so naïve in his wonder at Tommy's old life, so original in his Old World maxims and theories, so generally "odd" and attractive, that Tommy sat beside him on the jolting wagon with all the enjoyment of a child who has found a new toy.

It was nothing to Tommy that he was failing to add to the world's "total of productivity"; nay more, was even keeping the Swede from doing his share. Neither Tommy nor the Swede was interested in the world's productivity; the latter was thinking of the brush that had to be cleaned off the east meadow, and the former was trying to analyze his companion's thoughts. Both were happy—to that extent Socialism seemed to be successful.

Indeed, for the first few weeks, Tommy persuaded himself that he was at last entirely satisfied. He saw practically nothing of the rest of the Community, for the distance from the settlement to his shack gave him a good excuse for not eating at the "common" board. At first he told himself he was sorry for this; but the more he saw of the other members, the less he grieved. They were a singular group of folk, these people—nearly all of two ages, very young or very old; alternately impatient and uninterested. The very old sat all day at the windows of their cottages, never speaking except to complain; the very young worked half-heartedly at the "common" garden, around the "common" stable, in the "common" kitchen. They had all been "authors," at one time or another, and not one of them but had a past. As a group of characters for a Dickens novel, they struck Tommy as ideal; but he could never think of them without a certain phrase stealing to his lips (a phrase ill-deserved, yet inevitable), the "great unwashed." So, little by little, he came less and less to the settlement; went straight back to his cabin after the morning's work, took long lonely rambles over the hills in the late afternoons.

These walks in the early darkness of the fall days, and the evenings spent before the blazing fire in the little shack, were

the two things which lifted Tommy out of the tawdry, unnatural, artificial atmosphere of the Community and made him happy. For the first time in his life he was regularly out of doors enough of the day to bring him home at night with a healthy fatigue; for the first time in his life he was living with the sounds of the forest around him and the smell of the earth in his nostrils. As the days went by and the leaves began to fall, he watched the slow change come over the face of the valley with the same feelings which stirred Robert Belmont, alone in the old Hermitage by the Pacôme Gate. And, like Robert Belmont, he found pleasure in the little details of his everyday life—the cooking of his meals, his work with the Swede on the farm, his improvements in the appearance of the cabin. At sundown he would stand in the doorway and watch the shadows begin to furrow the hillsides into long, black, uneven patches, and see the evening mist breathe a soft gray mantel over the houses of the settlement, until gradually the tiny lights blinked dimly and went out. And often, before going back to his fire, he would stand in the darkness and listen to the sounds rising up through the night—the laughter of little children, the sharp bark of the grocer's collie, the far-off rattle of a wagon on the country road. And always in the end a quick thrill of loneliness would sweep over him, and he would turn and stumble quickly into the lighted shack and go over to a picture which stood on the table by the fire—a picture of a girl, with deep brown eyes and warm black hair.

To tell the truth, the picture was the only disturbing factor in Tommy's happiness. At first, it had not been disturbing at all, for every day or two Tommy's box in the village post-office contained a letter addressed in a straight, girlish hand. Nor did this cease to be the case; but Tommy's conscience (or was it something else?) began to prick him uncomfortably. He remembered that the lady had promised to visit the Community; and yet, not a word of such an intended visit could he find in her letters. This relieved him tremendously from a practical viewpoint, for the Community, he had by this time decided, was anything but a show place; but from another

viewpoint it worried him just as much. Was it possible that he had acted coldly? Could she have thought—? The very idea sent a cold wave over him. And the more he thought of it the more desperate he became. After all, he *had* acted like a good deal of a cad in burying himself in this fashion! It was hardly fair to the girl! And fair or not, it wasn't—well, you understand. She might think

Tommy's discomfort over this important question was in no way lessened by the trend of *affairs* in the Community itself. At least twice a week he was obliged to attend the business meetings in the "auditorium," and they were a never-ending source of irritation. The older members always insisted on having the windows closed to keep out the draught; the younger members always insisted on smoking furiously; and the tobacco they used would have made a self-respecting meerschaum color with shame. For pure discomfort the result was surpassed, according to Tommy, only by the character of the audience and the quality of their speeches. Three men invariably arose during the evening. One was a short, wiry little Jew from Hester Street, who had edited a "people's" paper for a dozen years, until one day he had attracted the attention of "Maxy" Schwartz by his part in a bomb-throwing incident in Herald Square. The second was an old professor of economics from Indiana, who adjusted his spectacles between each sentence and always had "one more word." The last of the trio was a stout young German from Milwaukee, a man much like Schwartz himself, with the same shrewdness of nature and the same innate love of petty politics. His speech was always fiery, and it invariably ended with a set tirade denouncing the "capitalschists" in the most impassioned language of hate and extolling at the same time the gentle principle of "brotherly love."

Tommy heard these men with the superior feeling with which a man who has once been a personage always listens to one who has not. He could not help noticing how rarely the Honorable "Maxy" was present at these gatherings; how rarely, indeed, he was present in the Community at all.

Tommy knew instinctively where he was. He could see him, in his vestless magnificence, pouring out socialistic maxims over a stein of Pilsener in the Hoffman House; he could see him (as he had often done in the months of the previous summer) spending carelessly the money which he, Tommy Gordon, had poured into the "common" treasury. And the sting of it all lay in the fact that he himself was powerless and that he had found it out too late. He had put all of his capital into an investment on which he could realize not a cent. He had used up on the shack what little money he had had reserved for his personal use, and he now had barely enough to buy a ticket to New York. None of the others had any money at all. They were constantly borrowing in the most outrageous manner, coming all the way up to his cabin for the loan of a knife or a derby hat. One light-hearted gentleman even went so far as to borrow Tommy's suit case to go to New York—and never came back. And these weren't the only vexations. If at first Tommy had been received with deference as a distinguished arrival, and allowed to go his own way; now he was not. A new convert had taken his place, a young man from a well-known New England family, with a heritage of a disordered brain and a few odd millions. Tommy's tiny reputation dwindled into insignificance. The work at the farm, which had once been attractive and almost voluntary, now became unpleasant and compulsory. Instead of a morning's work with the Swede and the team, now a whole day in the forest cutting wood was the common thing. The evenings, once spent pleasantly by the fire with a new novel, now dragged slowly, as Tommy pored over Carl Marx, preparatory to an article on "Production and Consumption." He was no longer allowed to write fiction—there were already too many short-story writers in the Community. He was forced to write his poems secretly and publish them under a *nom de plume*—a thing which hurt his pride. And this mysterious but powerful command of the majority—this "common rule," where a man's soul hardly seemed his own—worked on Tommy's nerves. Coming home at night, all soiled and smelly

from the stable, he cursed alike at the Community's leader and at its want of bathrooms; at its idiot members and their vile tobacco. He longed for a decent collar and the sight of a dinner coat; ached for the taste of one of Martin's suppers; mingled his unspoken attacks on the socialistic theory of values with outbursts at the hummocks in the matting of his bed. Socialism was falling in Tommy's estimation.

But the petty hardships were not what tore Tommy's spirit; he was no quitter, and he would have stuck to the one-eyed Swede and Socialism without a whimper if that had been all. But a seed of doubt had begun to grow in Tommy's mind. Not because of the character of the people in the Community; Tommy told himself that would not have been fair to "the Cause." Nor because of "Maxy" Schwartz and his doubtful sincerity; that, too, he argued, was begging the question. But Tommy was no fool, and the more he read the actual authorities on Socialism (and he was forced to read widely, in order to satisfy his growing doubt), the less certain he felt himself becoming. Principles he had heard discussed in college kept coming back to him; new questions kept persistently popping up in his own mind, questions which no amount of reading in Carl Marx seemed to answer. Unconsciously he began to defeat, in his own mind, the arguments brought up in the nightly gatherings which he now began to attend. And the awful certainty with which he found himself demolishing these threadbare theories fairly terrified him. The bottom seemed to be dropping out of his world; he felt himself slipping away, as if in quicksand, from everything solid and safe. A great dread was over him.

The fall dragged on and Thanksgiving drew near. Tommy longed to go home, and yet the common council had voted that no one be away; even "Maxy" Schwartz was not to be in New York. The weather had grown sharper; the air on the hills was like wine, and the sharp cold winds sweeping down from the range turned the valleys into iron. The day before Thanksgiving it snowed, a fine, light snow, like powder, which filled up the cracks in Tommy's windows and blew in little lines

along the bare plank floor. Tommy replenished his woodpile, and spent the greater part of the afternoon writing a long and evidently important letter. He wasted a great many sheets of paper over it, and in the end he tore the whole thing up and rewrote it hurriedly. But by suppertime it was standing, sealed and addressed, against the picture on the table beside the fire.

Supper seemed to go wrong for some reason, and instead of cheering him it only made him more restless. After he had washed and put away the dishes, he walked nervously about the cabin for half an hour. Then he sat down by the fire and took out a letter which had come during the morning. He read this at least twenty times, with numerous frowns and much biting of lips between the readings. At last he rose and went over to the pine washstand in the corner and pulled out of its drawers a clean collar and a pair of silver-mounted brushes. A red badge fell out of the drawer, and he laid it mechanically on the collar. Then he looked about for the borrowed suit case, which had never been returned. The only thing in sight was a large paper bag; which had once contained a pound of candles. He went over and examined it; took the collar and the brushes and stuffed them into it; held it out at arm's length and tried to look at himself in the tiny mirror on the washstand. Then he laid the bag on the table and laughed sheepishly.

A few moments later some one knocked, and the Honorable "Maxy" Schwartz himself thumped in. He wore great leather boots and a fur cap and gloves of sealskin, and he had the fat, well-fed air of geniality about him which always meant that he was in high spirits. Singularly enough, Tommy did not seem overpleased to see him; but "Maxy" always prided himself on his ability to "ride over a little wave of misunderstanding," and became affectedly affable. He pulled out the best chair in the little room, dragged the table up so that he could rest his elbow on it (thereby tipping over the photograph with the letter standing beside it) and stretched his feet out before the fire. Tommy picked up the photograph and took

another chair. The Honorable "Maxy" bubbled out in a long eulogy over his own achievements in winning new "followers" during the past months. Tommy was silent. The great man changed his tone; became confidential, a little less patronizing. Tommy said not a word, only he stuffed the letter in his pocket and stared at the photograph. The heavy German voice gradually rumbled less heavily; "Maxy" turned and stared critically at Tommy for several seconds. Tommy did not look up.

The Honorable "Maxy" was not an inexperienced amateur. It took him just about five minutes to understand that something was radically wrong. Then he switched over, as delicately as possible, to an account of a brilliant speech by the young man from Chicago who had sent Tommy his "yellow" novel. He quoted the young man's statements (the gentleman chanced to have inherited a large fortune)—statements regarding the hereditary right to money; touched on the question of the youthful son who receives his father's earnings and uses them wrongly; "sounded," in short, in a rapid attempt to get his bearings. Tommy was taciturn. His face had grown gradually flushed during the past few moments, but it may have been the fire. The Honorable "Maxy" was unable to decide what it was. So he tried a little more radical tack, began on the duty of the Socialist—the noble, far-reaching purpose, the all-claiming power of "the Cause." At this point Tommy seemed to wake up.

"The Cause," went on "Maxy," "is all-embracing! No man who has once felt its touch can ever desert it! It claims us all! We must sacrifice for it. We never appreciate a good thing until we've suffered for it!"

"Damn right!" said Tommy, dryly.

The Honorable "Maxy" hesitated slightly before continuing.

"Er—of course," he went on. "We—we must suffer! We must see all that we love taken away from us if necessary, but we must follow the Cause! A man learns only by trial, by experience—"

"So true!" There was something hard in Tommy's voice this time, but "Maxy" failed to hear it. He went on more confidently.

"Home, family, material opportunity—what are they, compared to the chance, aye, the honor of aiding our sacred Cause? Our Trust should lead us, our Trust guide us, our Trust should be our all!" "Maxy's" voice rose exultantly; he made the first bad mistake of his career. "Why, that!" he said, sharply, and pointed to the photograph in Tommy's hand. "that, compared to our Cause—"

Tommy was out of his chair before the words were said. His face was livid, but he turned and walked straight to the cabin door. He flung it wide so that a gust of snow swept into the warm room. "Maxy" rose involuntarily. But he was too late.

Tommy pointed to the open door. His lips were twitching with anger, but he said never a word.

The Honorable "Maxy" made a desperate effort to save himself. "I beg your pardon," he said, weakly. "I didn't—" It was useless. The expression of intense hate on a man's face, no matter how ridiculously small and weak he may be, is not a thing to trifle with. The Honorable "Maxy" did not stop to trifle. Very gently Tommy closed the door after him.

* * * * *

An hour later, just before the milk train for New York pulled into the station in the little valley, the station-master saw a column of flame far up in the hills toward Tommy's cabin and ran to send in an alarm of fire. But his haste was quite unnecessary. At that very moment Tommy was out in the shadows on the platform, with a paper bag in his hand containing a collar, a framed photograph, and a pair of silver-mounted brushes. In the other hand, wadded up into a ball, as if he was about to throw it away, was a red silk badge—the emblem of "the Cause."

R. D. Hillis.

THE BALLADE OF PASSING FACES.

Out of the dark, across the blinding flare
Before the doorway of the playhouse, glide
Unending lines of faces, in the glare
As wan as dead men. Through the eddying tide,
A youth moves on, his head thrown back for pride,
Wine-flushed, with laughing lips full amorous,
And a bright vampire clinging at his side—
And these be they that shall come after us.

Dull foreign faces pass, with sullen stare
That watched unflinching when their fathers died,
Trampled by Cossack horse-hoofs, still they wear
Masks of an outward suffrance, feigned to hide
The heart that plans unbounded regicide,
And, out of king-dwarfed manhood mutinous,
Would make men king-free, law-free at a stride—
And these be they that shall come after us.

Then deep-eyed faces, gaunt, with matted hair
Thrust back through bony grimy fingers, wried
By toil too soon begun in factory air,
For these are young. And as they move aside,
Come sharp-cheeked begging children, who, denied
Their penny, shriek out curses blasphemous;
Shameless, illusionless, too wild to guide—
And these be they that shall come after us.

L'ENVOI.

Prince Jésus, who for man wast crucified,
Guide thou man's frantic passions ruinous;
We labor blind through pathways all untried,
And these be they that shall come after us.

A. E. Baker.

A FORGOTTEN YALE AUTHOR.

NO one really enjoys literature who travels only the beaten pathway of the "classics." Whatever one's real appreciation of them, the hard macadam of notes and the stiff fences of criticism become irksome after a while, and admiration is perfunctory when the carriage ruts of predecessors are always officiously leading the way, and every beauty is marred by the descriptive labels of former travelers. "Julius Cæsar" seems tedious when the long quarrel scene is known by heart beforehand. At such a time, it is pleasant to pick up the dustiest novel on the shelves and plunge into it recklessly, as one turns aside from a sunny highway into a cool, overgrown cartroad, which others have overlooked—almost a forest primeval, where a stray wild flower may be found, worth all the admired profusion of the roadside. There is a subtle invitation in the faded binding that has not felt sympathetic fingers for fifty years.

But it is risky as well as pleasurable to browse in the discarded fields of literature. The expected flowers may turn out to be only scrubby hackmatacks and briars after all. A veteran soon learns a convenient lore in these Lost Woods of Forgotten Failures, and it takes only a chapter or two to tell him whether a novel be of simple Nature or constructed Art. One gurgles out as innocently as an eager spring; the other makes its appearance, so to speak, from the carven head of a gargoyle and pours joylessly into a marble pool. Such, if the book be from the row of dingy volumes on the upper shelf, you may well know will not be admirable, and its waters will prove brackish from rust; but, that the world of taste has scorned the simple natural spring may mean only that the stones about it were not arranged in the prevailing fashion. For all that, the well of feeling may be as pure and coolly refreshing to-day as yesterday. If a reader have not a few of these desultory, artless favorites that he loves and hopes to read again, he may quote as he will from Swinburne, and boast

of his hotbed blooms, but the full joy of reading he cannot know.

Of such books—comfortable, awkward, rambling—New England seems to have been especially prolific. The dignified perfection of her great romances and the still beauty of her thought grew up amid an impetuous crop of unlovely but quite lovable “weeds,” as the discriminating gardeners of to-day have not hesitated to proclaim them. They are the orange-flaming milkweeds of her literary meadows. The Yankee is never afraid to be himself, even if, as Hawthorne suspected, he has a propensity to thrust forward his most unpleasing side with a certain awkward sincerity. But even in these books which seem such unsparing satires of Yankee crudeness, runs a characteristic undercurrent of earnestness. Sometimes it is almost a grim philosophic humor, a Teufelsdröckhian way of lighting a mass of apparently irrelevant and incoherent details with a significance clear but never mentioned. Reform never appeared more earnest, so clad in the homely weeds of every-day life.

Perhaps the first and most typical of such novels was a forgotten “Margaret,” the writing of a Yale graduate, Sylvester Judd, that tumbled out into the literary world during that iron-bound age of propriety just preceding the middle of the nineteenth century. The stately reviewers of the *North American* were doing their best to appear unconscious of their provincialism and to reëcho the erudition of the *Edinburgh* and *Blackwood's*; and few books as there were to review, it was easy to maintain a style quite as formal and authoritative as Macaulay's in refuting the strictures of a stray “Impressions of a French Traveler in America,” or in expatiating with grave solemnity on the claims of various styles of church architecture. They were used to measuring their bland and critically reluctant approval by such typical romances as Miss Yonge's or such poems as Mrs. Sigourney's. Taste and literary culture were for once happily sophisticated and ready to congeal in moulds of conformity for all time, when suddenly this strange figure of a “Margaret” danced with an uncon-

scious unconventionality into the scene, and awakened the immaculate dreaming propriety of the reviewers into startled explosions of expostulations. And at once the breezy Lowell fearlessly shouted that here, at last, was the first true American novel! It was the rudest shock in all his "Fable for Critics."

"Margaret" was too spontaneous a book to escape criticism. It was never intended to court popularity. That is, in fact, the secret of the charm that shyly coquets with the reader, behind all its obvious faults. You have always a delightful and intimate feeling of reading a journal—that emotion, so unfamiliar in a novel, of dubious poaching on the sacredness of private rights that were not meant to be laid bare in print. It is as if one should write a story for his own pleasure, without a thought of the epicurean tastes of the world at large. A thousand and one daily, appealing interests of Judd's own life attach themselves, as informal as life itself, to the child whose growth he traces in her rough backwoods home. He goes into the woods and returns lost in a glow of sympathy and enjoyment; so does Margaret. He reads an absorbing German romance, and for a while must train the branches of his own story into the same pattern. He runs across a quaint old pedant in the woods, and immediately the Master saunters into the story to care for the child, and startles the reader by his occasional lapse into formidable sesquipedalian and circumlocutory grandiloquence. So until the child becomes a woman, the incidents of yesterday's botanical ramble, now a curious superstition, then a bit of enthusiastic antiquarianism, a character or a scene just met—all are lent to the lengthening story, with an exuberance that soon entices the reader to forget the chaos and surrender himself to the tide of enjoyment.

Such is the first half of "Margaret," a carefree book of nature, as full of spontaneous rippling buoyancy as the song of an oriole, or the first fresh breeze across the reviving fields in April. Slowly it begins to dawn upon one that all this kaleidoscopic incident has not been without its value after all. The inevitable seriousness of the New Englander underlies it

all, for it was the ideal of Judd's heart to paint this growth of a childlike simplicity, guided only by the subtle influences of Nature, into goodness and aspiration. Margaret is transplanted, with all the fine receptiveness which she inherited from her romantic parents of the German love-story, into a half-barbarian backwoods community, at the close of the Revolution. With the second half new thoughts come in, with the lover of Margaret a new character, of whose influence and metaphysics, it must be confessed, the reader is apt to be a trifle suspicious. The story almost changes character; its propaganda confessed, it drops its happy dalliance, and drives forward with Yankee earnestness to its conclusion. Even if one sympathizes generally with Judd's attack on the ritualism of a wornout ideal, he must feel that the preacher crops out a little too insistently, when he leaves the passive plane of appreciation for the active one of reform; but it was no simple task for an innovator to reconcile earnestness with a simple and lively imagination. When idealism stoops to argue, it too often ceases to attract.

It will be seen that this transformation, which at first seems to break the story squarely in two, is after all what gave "Margaret" its claim to priority, in two of the tendencies of modern novels which have been important of late. It was the earliest distinctively "nature book" and the first reform novel of America. In any other subject than Judd's ideal of a simple natural religion, the blending of elements so foreign would have been impossible. When it appeared, in 1845, five years before "The Scarlet Letter," the "Leatherstocking Tales" were the only American stories of importance. Those of Brockden Brown had fallen into the obscure limbo of the unhealthy, and Washington Irving had never attempted a longer narrative than "Rip Van Winkle." Novels were written only for the excitement of the reading; that they should be the vehicle of something more was yet unthought. But it was so naturally a part of Judd's personality, that he never suspected that his anonymous story would arouse such a stir of criticism and admiration, nor call forth a book of out-

line illustrations, which the gullible critics of the day hailed as first signs of a native art, nor finally set in motion two literary currents so prominent at the present day.

The reform interest is not so apt to be attractive now as when liberal religion was in the throes of evolution. Even then Judd's other works, which centred most directly on reform, were looked upon as lacking the vitality of "Margaret." "Richard Edney" portrayed, in the everyday life of a Maine factory village, the dignity of labor, and ended in a frank homily to point the moral; "Philo" was a dreary didactic piece of theology in rhyme. But his posthumous drama, "The White Hills," like "Margaret," a combination of "the real and the ideal," contained some passages of true, mystic beauty. This was the whole list of his productions—not, to be sure, one on which to build a great fame, but no discredit to a man who died at forty and who wrote almost before any of the classics of American literature had appeared.

To have written a book, however, which, though not exactly a forerunner of "Walden," was first to show the awakening regard for out-door life which Emerson, Thoreau and Burroughs were yet to voice, was matter of praise enough for one author, and a consideration which Time should not forget. "Margaret" was subjective rather than objective in its appreciation of nature; but it has one quality that scarcely any of its successors ever attained, or even attempted. The fascinated but reluctant *North American* was forced to admit in a later review, that no one, not even Emerson, produced such a feeling of the physical presence of Nature. This may have been due to the true sense of the poetry of words, with which he invented when the right phrase failed: "A bobolink clung tiltering to the breezy tip of a white birch; a grass-finch skippered to the top of a stump; and a black-cap k'd'chanked, k'd'chanked over her head. She snatched a large handful of flowers and hurried on, driven forward as it were by a breeze of gladness in her own thoughts and of vernal aroma from the fields,"—as much a part of the wood-life about her as the plaintive pewee and the flycatcher that sing to her as she

passes. "So too, we feel," did Judd write, "with a deep unconsciousness of joy." A thousand quick fancies—as a charred forest, "like a black winter"—surprise one with flashes of appreciation, now of word, now of phrase. Material enough for ten books lies scattered in all the inchoate profusion of a landscape. Judd himself was right when he said: "‘Margaret’ was never designed for railroads; it might peradventure suit a canal-boat. Rather is it like an old-fashioned ride on horseback, where one may be supposed to enjoy leisure for climbing hills and to possess curiosity for the trifles of the way."

Born in Westhampton, Mass., Judd grew up in the orthodox, middle-class society of an old New England town. His father was of the sort who naturally became the local historian, and Judd seemed to inherit from him a certain sincerity and seriousness. There is not much to learn of his Yale career—the oft-repeated story of the student who works his way through college and carries off the usual honors and prizes. But in those meagre days Judd had unusual obstacles. One winter he performed the feat of teaching school in Middletown and still maintaining his stand in the class. Through his letters we catch glimpses of the customary college life, which his perpetual good humor was quick to transmute into fun—the race for Chapel, on a nipping November morning, neckerchiefs hastily tied on the way; the long prayers before dawn, "too solemnly mocked" as he puts it; then, still before sun-up, the longer, drearier recitations and the dash for Commons, at that time a few small rooms divided by partitions, where the students clamored uproariously for their tardy breakfasts, and those lucky enough to sit at the other end of the table from the proctor were already half through the meal before his long, solemn blessing was finished. Judd graduated in 1836, and declining an offer of a professorship in a Western college, settled down to teaching in a little Massachusetts town. There the doubts that had unharmonized him slowly settled, and after a divinity course at Harvard, he became pastor of the Unitarian church at Augusta, Maine. His life there had a

chance to run back into the quiet, natural channels for which it always seemed intended. Thenceforth, not only in the pulpit, but on the lyceum platform, he was one of those prophets who, in the days before the Civil War, pleaded for a wider practice of the principles for which this country had been founded, but which as yet it was unwilling to apply.

"Margaret" was but an incident in such a career, a recreation when all his minor fads and fancies were for once allowed full sway, and Imagination wove into romance his love of birds and trees and flowers, the old characters he knew in his boyhood home, and the particulars of antiquarian research, of which he was as fond as his father. With all its carefree *insouciance*, it shows, as another Yale author, Ik Marvel, has said, a man "with sensibilities all open, like an Æolian harp, to the wind; but true to those eternal verities by which great currents of thought hold their courses." One wonders if Judd, had he lived longer, would have mastered his looseness of plot and style and written anything which the present generation would have been pleased to call great. He could never have stood in the same rank as Hawthorne or James; but he might, had he written longer, have equalled Mrs. Stowe or Howells. Perhaps, though, he would never have left anything again of quite the engaging simplicity of "Margaret." It is almost a prose companion of that other country idyll which followed it, Whittier's "Snowbound"; and it is not often that a man writes in that spirit more than once. In view of the modern critical valuation of Judd's novel as "merely" a sketch-book of "Utopian dreams," there is something pathetic in Lowell's hearty praise of it in his "Fable for Critics," as

"the first Yankee book,
With the *soul* of the Down East in it, and things further east,
As far as the threshold of morning at least,
Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,
Of the day that comes slowly to make all things new."

Lowell, too, as his boisterously inelegant verses show, with all his polished sophistication, had the same breezy informality and artless enthusiasm, which led him to predict:

“His name
You’ll be glad enough, some day or other, to claim,
And will all crowd about him, and swear that you *knew* him,
If some English hack-critic should chance to review him.”

But perhaps, after all, it was best that the English hack-critic never expended his wrath on what he must have called “American provincialism”; and that “Margaret,” choicer for all its faults, lies to-day in dusty oblivion, ready to surprise and refresh some chance explorer on the outskirts of literature, with its lively echo of a picturesque age that is now gone and lost forever.

Elmer D. Keith.

EXIT.

(On one of the ships taken by the pirate Blackbeard was a theatrical company bound for Virginia.)

Act fifth! Curtains up indeed!
Don't push me, sirs! I'm not in haste.
I'll go more slowly now, and taste
The fresh clean breeze. I sorely need
Breathing space before my call.
Seven steps out to end it all.

Seven steps out, then the plunge,
The gasping fight, quick failing breath,
The swift rehearsal before death,
And all one's life a rapier lunge.
I must out—I dare not stop.
Strength, Lord, for the dizzy drop!

One, two, three and halfway there;
Wretch, has thought of what comes after
Parched your throat too much for laughter?
Go off with a kingly air.
If I speak will my voice break?
Head up, man! For honor's sake.

Four, five, six, now one step more
Meet it gay with a touch of pride.
God help! Were but my hands untied—
Fool—and half a league off shore?
Come, you've made the proper pause,
Take your merited applause!

Thomas Beer.

THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.

THE hot August sun beat down upon a line of some thirty small street brats, boys and girls, who were crowding around the Settlement House door. The pallor of the tenement and the touch of starvation showed in each one of the hard little faces, as the children struggled through the entrance in their endeavor to be first at the "Fresh Air Fund" examination.

A few minutes sufficed to call the roll, and the head worker, immaculate in his white apron, turned to an assistant.

"Katie Macarthy missing. Please hunt her up at No. — Greenwich Street. Tell her that she cannot go to the country with this batch unless she reports here within half an hour."

Parallel to Broadway, three blocks from the Hudson, beneath the roar of the elevated trains, runs Greenwich Street, the center of one of the most crowded districts in New York. Thither the assistant directed his steps, picking his way through the thousand and one trucks and pushcarts, which render the West Side streets almost nontraversable, hopping the while from stone to stone, to avoid stepping on the children who swarmed the walks.

No. — Greenwich Street proved to be accessible only through a rear tenement alley, foul with litter and rubbish, and lined with ash barrels and garbage cans; the sort of place which even a photograph can not correctly picture, because it leaves out of account the smell. As the assistant entered the inner yard, a dozen heads appeared from as many dirty windows—suspicious, yet curious of the visitor's intentions. Mrs. Macarthy's apartment was pointed out by numerous skinny hands, and a knock on her door gained him admittance. Tenement house poverty, in its most evil aspect, was all apparent. Bedding and clothes lay dumped in one corner; the table in the center was littered with the remains of the previous meal, which a dirty child was even then consuming. The room was insufferably hot, because it was wash day, and hot

water was only obtained through a hot fire in the stove. By the window sat a girl of twelve years, sewing. The assistant took in the familiar details at a glance, then turned to the mother.

"Mrs. Macarthy, I have come to see about getting Katie off to the country."

"She ain't goin'. She's got a job."

"But I thought Katie was only twelve. How can she go to work?"

"She's got her workin' papers" — gruffly.

"But, my dear woman, the law says that no child under fourteen—"

"She's got 'em!"

The young man wiped the perspiration from his face.

"You have no right to allow so young a girl to work. You must know that for her own good—"

"For her own good, is it? An' what would we do—starve? I ain't had a bit of meat in this room for just two weeks. The childers ain't got no shoes to their feet. An' Tom out of work since last winter. Damn the country, I sez to him! Katie's got to keep her job!"

The woman turned to the washing. The little worker at the window continued to bend over her garment. Not a vestige of hope remained in the wan little face, which had seen only cruel misery for twelve years.

The assistant tried a new tack. "Do you want to work, Katie?" he asked.

"Sure, why not?" answered the child; "we've got ter live."

"See here, Mrs. Macarthy," said the young man, "if you'll let Katie go to the country for two weeks, I'll pay her wages for that time."

"Divil a bit you will. And let her lose her job! Damn the country, I sez to Tom. Katie's got ter work."

"Say mister," piped up the dirty child at the table, "do they have cream cows in your country? In the country where I was last year they had cream cows. Say, mister, can I go to the country?" and two very sticky hands grabbed hold of the

young man's coat, while the little face gazed up beseechingly into his.

"What is your name?" he asked, smiling.

"Jennie, sir."

"Well, Jennie, I'm afraid you are too young to go with this party. You had better wait until next time."

"Ah, mister—"

"Shut up, Jennie, don't yer see he don't want yer?" put in her sister at the window. "Don't you pay no attention to Jennie, sir. She couldn't go, anyhow, she's got ter mind the baby. But say, mister"—the child dropped her sewing and joined her sister at his side—"couldn't you bring us a bunch of flowers when you get back? Just a little bunch of daisies, mister, to put in the window. Then everybody will think we went to the country."

"Well," said the young man, "if your mother won't let you go, I'll certainly bring you a bunch of daisies. And what shall I bring you, Jennie?"

The little girl eyed her toes for a moment in silence. Then she raised a tear-stained face. "Bring me," she sobbed, "a bunch—with—the smell on 'em."

Adrian Van Sinderen.

NOTABILIA.

Of late there has been some question and comment on the eligibility of the Sheffield undergraduates to editorial positions on the *LIT.* Contributions by such men have been offered to us with no motive but that of an interest in literary affairs, for the authors are in doubt as to their possible reward. The fact that all Academic undergraduates have, at the beginning of their college course, an equal opportunity to win an editorship, is so well recognized that it needs no further mention, and Sheffield men should realize that they themselves are responsible for the present uncertainty as to their own position. In future we hope they will also realize that their rights are equal to our own and that their only disadvantage lies in the shorter time allowed to them for literary work. The *LIT.* board is open alike to Academic and to Sheffield Juniors, and while the former have an extra year in which to compete, it is possible for a Sheffield student of literary ability to overcome this obstacle.

H. W. S.

PORTFOLIO.

A LETTER.

Now, as I write, I gaze into thine eyes,
Which, in thy framed likeness, here appear,
And always grieve that we are far apart.
And yet—I seem to feel thy presence near,
Guiding my thoughts, my ways, my deeds, my mind,
Bidding my soul be still and know no fear,
While in my inmost soul I hear a voice
In anguish cry, "O God, that thou wert here!"

Edward B. Cowles.

—Joe Nivens took Cora to the Crescent masquerade. In the world where Cora moves the Crescent masquerade is the event of the season. The season does not end with Lent, as it does some seventy blocks further up town; in fact, the great event took place in the very middle of Satan's forty days' sentence, which perhaps is the reason for Cora's adventure.

"CORAS
GENTLEMAN."

The Crescent masquerade happens in Clio Hall. Extensively advertised in advance, it is considered exclusive, and so it is in the strictest sense of the word. Invitations to the affair are not issued by a board of patronesses, but tickets are not for sale. One dollar admits a lady and gentleman. The doors open at seven-thirty sharp. One passes in, paying one's dollar. When the doorkeeper, who is ordinarily a gatesman in the Subway, judges that three hundred people are in, he shuts the doors. Thus we glimpse true exclusion. The airy barriers of metropolitan conservatism are at least less brutal than three inches of oak.

I will say for this hall that the carnival spirit is far better preserved than in those haunts where industrious charwomen are enriched, the morning after, by chance strands of pearls or a casual fallen sapphire. The costumes are less wonderful, maybe, but far more glittering; the perfumes less subtle, but more beady, and the punch, while lacking the suavity of sixty-year port and served in coffee mugs, is just as deadly and *far speedier*.

Cora went to the ball with Joe Nivens. Joe is a plate-developer in the big photographer's just above the candy shop

where Cora works. He used to run in at noon for phosphate in the hot months and so met Cora. Joe went as a Chinaman; Cora as herself, in a quite short gown all covered with spangles. She had more spangles to the square inch than any other girl in the room. Conscious of this, she preened like a little peacock, flirted outrageously and danced divinely. She is a born dancer; she never had a dancing lesson and never needed any. Tireless, light as thistledown, lithe as rubber, lying on her partner's arm, eyes half closed, in a sort of animal intoxication, she swung around the hall. The intermissions are short in these dances, but Cora loathed intermissions. A dozen men were crazy to dance with her. She danced with all of them. If one man couldn't last a dance out another would fill his place. A "say" stood for self-introduction and a "sure" for recognition and acceptance. Cora drew another partner into the whirl while the last one collapsed limply by the lunch-counter, draining a suffused brow.

It was after midnight and near supper-time when Cora, at the beginning of the some-thirtieth waltz, was accosted by a strange voice, one that carried her back to the plate glass and stucco of the great candy shop, an accent miles remote from Clio Hall.

"May I have this dance, madame?"

He was tall and slim. He was in evening clothes of a sort known to her only from the upper galleries of Broadway theatres. He wore a black mask and a silk domino hung from his shoulders. And he had on white gloves, spotless as his shirt front. It was amazing! Cora's mouth fell open. But presently she found herself dancing with him.

Now she had never danced with a man of this sort and she felt herself overcome. Instinctively she tried to draw closer, but he kept her away. She could not feel his hand upon her waist. Also his dancing was not of the sort she knew. She heard him speak. He talked of the costumes, the music, didn't she think it an awful crush?

"Sure," said Cora. She felt her heart swimming. She wished the music would stop. She hoped it would never end. She hated this man. She was afraid of him. He could not be real. He was from another planet. She knew his kind. They idled into her shop with beautifully clad women. They bought huge quantities of candies, to twice and three times the amount of her

week's salary. They passed the windows in the afternoon, and she saw their white breasts and gleaming hats in hansoms on her way home down the avenue, at night. They lounged in theatre boxes, coming half an hour after the curtain rose, escorting women smothered in furs she knew to be costly only by report. He was, then, a man of the world. She wondered if he had come to the "Crescent" on her account. Maybe he had seen her in the shop. That must be it. Her heart swelled with vainglory. She longed to ask him, but did not dare. So they danced.

Suddenly the cornet blared. The music stopped. A voice bellowed:

"Ladies and gents, unmask for supper!"

The stranger broke the cord of his mask and dropped it, smiling. In the girl's eyes he was handsome, dazzling. He bent forward as she raised her soiled white shield. He smiled and looked from side to side, then kissed her square on the mouth and was gone.

All the rest of the night she danced in a dream. A gentleman had kissed her. He had followed her to the masquerade, had danced with her and kissed her. Therefore he loved her. He loved her and would doubtless some day soon come into the shop and take her away to his great white house on the avenue. She would wear wonderful gowns and furs. She would sweep into the shop and buy, disdainfully, a hundred dollars' worth of chocolates. Her footman would take them out to her car. She would go to the theatres and sit in boxes, with him behind her whispering and laughing. All the papers would tell her story and Joe Nivens would have to help take her pictures with three ropes of pearls about her neck.

Men found her aloof. Joe Nivens detected a certain chill in her conversation on the way home.

Next day the dream continued. She found herself studying the women who flowed in and out of the shop all day long. She would walk like such a one. The sweep of that skirt pleased her. She would buy her a silky dog like that girl carried. Oh, these other women! They should know of her presently. She, too, would wear a breastplate of violets to scent the air as she passed.

The dream grew as day waned. It was very cold and clear. A snowflake drifted down, now and then. The afternoon crowd

thickened, then began to thin. The shop fell idle. In the dark street closed cars and coupés passed. In one was a woman with a jeweled crown. She lay back under an electric light in the car's roof. Something gleamed on her bare throat. Cora's heart throbbed—she would go just so.

The sidewalk was powdered with white down when a black car shot to the curb and stayed there. A man sprang out. His pumps gleamed against the snow and he carried a silver-headed stick. He came into the shop and straight where Cora stood.

Under the heavy furred collar of his coat Cora saw that he was again in evening dress. He lifted his silk hat a little and spoke, looking into the case.

"May I have four pounds of chocolates, please?"

Cora's throat was dry. She stammered, then,

"What kind, sir?" she faltered.

He looked at her. Her cheeks went red. He would speak now and—all the other girls were looking at him.

"Anything you please," said the gentleman. He turned his back and leaned against the showcase.

He had not known her! She bit her lip. When he took the box he thanked her, lifted his hat again and did not wait for change. The car sped off up town.

Cora bent her head, a tear splashed on the sugar-dusted top of a green paste square.

Outside Joe Nivens was waiting, his coat collar turned up, whistling a waltz.

Thomas Beer.

—Outside the old well-house at Carisbrooke Castle the party of tourists were beginning to show signs of impatience. The curious had noticed with vague annoyance that placarded statistics anticipated the questions they were looking forward to asking as to the well's age and dimensions. The canny were worrying about the extra twopence they had disbursed. The conscientious had thoroughly absorbed the minutest footnotes of their Baedekers. Finally a stream of people emerged from a door on the opposite side of the little whitewashed building. It was our turn.

*JACOB OF
CARISBROOKE.*

Entrance through the tiny door was slow, for our party contained several of the first-in-everywhere type. Then the ladies spent some time cooing over the little gray donkey, who stood

in the corner beside the huge upright wheel, receiving their attentions with total indifference. When we were at last crowded round the well-curb, the attendant slowly set the wheel in motion, causing the donkey to flatten his ears against his chunky head. As the bucket-laden rope unwound from the great shaft, an electric light just above the water shone up the long tunnel with a curiously unreal effect. After a certain point, all sense of perspective was destroyed, the descending bucket seeming merely to stand still and diminish in size. As it struck the water, noiselessly, owing to the great depth, the attendant turned aside.

"Jacob!"

The old beast pretended not to hear.

"Hurry up now, Jacob!"

Jacob, resigning himself to the inevitable with a sigh, climbed inside of the wheel's wide rim. As, looking like some gigantic squirrel in a cage, he began his hopeless task, the pathos of the situation suddenly struck me. Jacob in the corner had been like patience on a monument, but Jacob in the wheel was a veritable asinine Ixion!

"I wonder how many miles—"

"Three hundred yards," snapped someone.

Odious man, thought I. What difference does the distance make if the journey is repeated all day long? What dreadful donkey memories and vague donkey forebodings must have haunted Jacob's hours of respite for the first few years—he has been at work twelve, say the placards. But now, as the lady on my right remarks, as though she were easing her conscience after hooking her first fish, he doubtless "doesn't feel it very much." Now, no doubt, Jacob toils, sleeps, and crops his thistles with equally stolid apathy, as most of us do after a more or less long period on the treadmill. Jacob is indeed an epitome of human existence! Perhaps, however, his resignation is more to be copied than pitied. Perhaps to draw up sparkling water, even with such weary labor, is a career of enviable usefulness—but, oh, crowning horror of the parallel! When my philosophizing was at last cut short by the dripping bucket reaching the curb, the attendant replied to requests for a glass by a remark that a drink would probably result in typhoid fever. Jacob was christened after the wrong biblical character, for he is making sport for the Philistines.

The fat Southampton merchant grunted something about wasting twopence; the American girl doing the Isle of Wight, bought a postcard for Cousin Emma in Schenectady; the languid veil-swathed lady motorist, who spent her time trying to be mistaken for a peeress, murmured: "Fancy his doing that all the time!" But after all, I mused, as we filed out to make room for our successors, Jacob would "regain his freedom with a sigh," like the Prisoner of Chillon. He is the Prisoner of Carisbrooke. No, that was Charles I, so we were told earlier in the afternoon, while inspecting the chapel dedicated to him, for that unfortunate monarch has received the vaguely enthusiastic canonization of High Church Anglicanism. But, nevertheless, there was some excuse for imprisoning *him*. Jacob has defied no Parliaments, flaunted no Stuart haughtiness. He is certainly more innocent, probably no more stubborn. Yet no one martyrizes this poor little prisoner. Well, well, rank is everything, I suppose. And Jacob in a point lace collar would have made a queer subject for Van Dyck!

T. Laurason Riggs.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Cross Country Team

On November 4 was defeated by Cornell, 22 to 37.

The Sheff Fraternity of Delta Psi

On November 7 announced the election of A. C. Dixon, 1909 S.

The Junior Fraternities.

On November 11 announced the following elections from the Class of 1910:

Alpha Delta Phi—H. C. Baker, C. C. Glover, Jr., J. H. Machette, E. L. Roberts, Jr., F. G. Wacker.

Psi Upsilon—R. D. French, R. D. Hillis, W. S. Rogers, L. L. Stanley, A. T. Nabstedt.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—G. L. Buist, G. W. Cheney, B. P. Merri-
man, C. M. Steele, S. S. Yates.

Zeta Psi—V. A. Beede, T. Dean, P. C. Galpin, H. J. Hotton,
R. P. Uptegrove.

Beta Theta Pi—H. U. Darling, L. S. Darling, E. J. Davin,
J. G. Dunn, D. T. Leavenworth, W. B. MacLane, O. C. Morse,
Jr., H. C. Webb.

The Elihu Club

On November 11 announced the following elections from 1909:
E. O. Proctor and M. B. Vilas.

The University Fraternity of Alpha Chi Rho

On November 12 announced the following elections: S. B. Per-
kins, 1910 S.; L. L. Barber, 1910; S. E. Brown, H. F. Phipps,
L. W. Phipps, 1911; Ye Tsung Tsur, 1909.

The Cross Country Team

On November 12 was defeated by Harvard, 25 to 30.

The Junior Fraternities

On November 18 announced the following elections from the Class of 1911:

Alpha Delta Phi—R. E. Coleman, F. W. Crandall, J. B. Dempsey, R. Evans, Jr., H. L. Folsom, A. M. Hartwell, C. C. Hicks, E. G. Hotchkiss, R. R. King, K. Le Blanc, C. E. Lombardi, R. B. Luchars, E. B. Morris, Jr., W. T. Pigott, Jr., J. F. Rumsey, Jr., R. C. Sargent, A. W. Shapleigh, L. Soule, J. T. Terry, 3d, E. M. Woolley.

Psi Upsilon—E. S. Blair, C. W. Davis, S. S. Day, W. M. Dunn, J. W. Field, S. B. French, 2d, A. A. Gammell, J. Horne, F. W. Hyde, Jr., J. R. Kilpatrick, E. P. Livingston, W. De F. Manice, E. R. Philbin, E. H. Rand, C. L. Reed, F. B. Rives, H. B. Van Sinderen, R. C. Walker, L. R. Wheeler, W. R. Wheeler.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—P. B. Badger, A. L. Corey, F. J. Daly, J. McL. Dain, S. F. Freeman, J. P. Garland, E. Mersereau, L. S. Morrison, K. Mosser, M. J. G. O'Brien, S. Peabody, F. F. Randolph, W. M. Robinson, Jr., Z. K. Ross, J. E. Rowland, J. T. Rowland, K. H. Sessions, B. C. Thompson, C. R. Wright, P. M. Wright.

Zeta Psi—J. Alden, T. Clark, J. T. Doneghy, Jr., R. A. Gibney, J. P. Gillespie, F. Goodhue, J. M. Hartwell, C. V. Hickox, Jr., R. A. Holden, Jr., R. H. Jewell, J. F. Kilbourn, W. T. Kimber, S. McAndrew, J. V. McDonnell, W. C. Miller, W. H. Mills, H. K. Sherrill, O. H. Tilson, S. T. Williams, W. E. Yaggy.

Beta Theta Pi—H. D. Ackman, S. S. Board, W. B. Bronson, E. Bushnell, B. V. Butterfield, E. G. Clark, A. P. Colburn, S. T. Devan, W. B. Dunwoody, J. E. Fisher, Jr., H. T. Hartwell, E. H. Hewitt, H. M. Hille, F. A. Laubscher, P. G. Macy, O. A. Mason, A. D. Pettee, F. C. Reckert, E. C. Stanton, F. M. Willis.

The Golf Team

On November 18 elected K. C. Mosser, 1911, Captain.

The Kit Kat Club

On November 21 announced the election of H. A. Beers, Jr., and M. T. Dougherty, of the Class of 1909.

The Cross Country Team

On November 21 won fourth place in the intercollegiate run at Princeton.

The Gun Team

On November 21 won the intercollegiate championship for the sixth successive time.

The Football Team

On November 24 elected E. H. Coy, 1910, Captain.

The Law School Society of Corbey Court and Phi Delta Phi

On November 25 announced the following elections: H. W. Bickford, H. R. Ringe, G. Le R. Weeks, 1909 L. S.; H. C. Bates, C. R. Hall, T E. Kircher, 1910 L. S.; J. Van D. Crisp, D. W. Dilworth, C. M. Fessenden, S. Whitney, A. Wrenn, 1911 L. S.

Soccer Scores

November 26—Yale 5, Crescent A. C. 8.

November 28—Yale 3, Springfield Training School 3.

Football Scores

November 7—Yale 10, Brown 10.

November 14—Yale 11, Princeton 6.

November 21—Yale 0, Harvard 4.

In Memoriam

John Alan White, 1907.

BOOK NOTICES.

First and Last Things. By H. G. Wells. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Says Mr. Wells with regard to this work:

"It is as it stands now the frank confession of what one man of the early Twentieth Century has found in life and himself, a confession just as frank as the limitations of his character permit; it is his metaphysics, his religion, his moral standards, his uncertainties and the expedients with which he met them."

This is probably the best concise description of *First and Last Things* that is possible; for it is a strictly personal work, more expository than argumentative. Mr. Wells tells us what he feels and believes, and how he believes he ought to act. He believes, incidentally, he says, that other men are like him; but this he does not know, so he does not obtrude it.

In taking this standpoint, Mr. Wells has very cleverly defeated criticism at the outset. For if we should wish to say, "Such and such a statement is true neither of the world, nor of my friends, nor of me," we might well expect him to answer, "possibly not; but, as I said, it is true of H. G. Wells!" And it would surely be the last word in impertinence for anyone to question him.

The best part of it all is that Mr. H. G. Wells's views are entertaining and clear and brilliant and healthy. They are often startling, but he has taught us to expect that. Neither do we always agree with them; but, if we did, they would be *our* views, and of little interest or profit to us in book form.

In addition to his views on nearly every other subject under the sun with which a human being ever concerns himself, Mr. Wells has gone briefly into his favorite theme, socialism, and dealt Messrs. London and Marx a few well-directed thrusts. This part of the work consists of a *resumé* of the socialism which he has outlined in his other works—briefly, that socialism that would be the result of development rather than of revolution.

The present writer has seldom read a more entertaining work than this. On all subjects, it entertains; on most, it enlightens; on some, it teaches. It is no small privilege to have as important

and brilliant an individual as H. G. Wells explain to you his beliefs on the most intimate subjects, even though it be through the medium of printers' ink.

The Stroke Oar. By R. D. Paine. The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.

"The Stroke Oar" is the latest of the "college stories" that are obviously calculated for the delectation of the public outside of the colleges. Even this statement may be too broad, for we doubt very much if more than a small part of the general public will be willing to believe quite all that Mr. Paine naïvely imputes to this long-suffering University. A brief *resumé* of the plot may be the most complete criticism to offer a Yale reader.

Duncan Howe, the captain, and *James Stearns*, the stroke, of the University Crew, fall out—indirectly because the stroke is better than the captain, which appears to be an undesirable state of affairs to the latter gentleman. *James* further incurs the captain's enmity by rescuing a Pittsburg prom. girl, who, while watching the crew at work in the Gym., has had the misfortune to fall into the rowing-tank. This, by the way, is by no means the young lady's final appearance in the tale. Last, but not least, the University barge splits on an oyster-pole, and the captain is ignominiously towed ashore—by *James*. All of these events lead up to an absolute break—the stroke goes on strike, the crew is demoralized, and the Harvard race is only a few months off!

At this point, *James*, the stroke, is accidentally kidnapped and carried off on an asphalt steamer to Hamburg, Germany. This may seem, to one who has not read the story, a bit inconsistent with academic poise and dignity, but Mr. Paine explains it all most lucidly. At any rate, the aforesaid stroke is not a bit discouraged, but comes back to America just as his substitute conveniently sprains his ankle at Gales' Ferry. Having kept in the best of training, *James* strokes the crew for Yale, and Yale wins—an event which could by no means have occurred if *James* had not come back.

And then a reconciliation is effected between the stroke and the captain, a large banquet is held in New Haven, and *Bright College Years* is sung several times.

In all seriousness, why must writers persist in the typical "college story"—weird, melodramatic, untrue to college life? And, further, why must any one particular college be made the background, while, with its peculiar traditions and atmosphere, it is the hardest place in the world to write a good story about? We say this with all regard for Mr. Paine, who has attempted a difficult thing and succeeded at it as well as the average writer does. But accuracy is an important thing in any form of writing, and such distorted views of Yale life are unfair to the University.

University Administration. By Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University. The Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.

The essays included in "University Administration" consist of a series of lectures delivered by President Eliot at Northwestern University. These essays are six in number, and cover practically all the phases of modern university administration.

Dr. Eliot's long experience as President of Harvard University has made him, in all probability, the one man in America best fitted to discuss this subject authoritatively; and the work in its present form may be regarded as the condensed conclusion of the various experiments and attempts of his long term of office.

One feature of the book is apt to be considered a fault; namely, that the methods of Harvard University are used as a sort of text, from which is laid down a sort of outline for correct practice in general. But when one considers that President Eliot has practically reshaped the entire Harvard system in accordance with his own ideas, this apparent fault vanishes. The avowed content of the book is a condensation of what experience has taught the writer to be the truth; and as such it cannot but be an eminently successful and valuable work.

E. K. M.

The LIT. acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following volumes, some of which will be reviewed in a subsequent issue:

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An Incarnation of the Snow. Bain.

Narrative Lyrics. White.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We are occasionally favored with contributions from outside admirers. There was a Quaker lady once who sang quite pathetically and prettily, with no "indecent exposure of soul," of the moon and bygone love. To-day comes an epic, "What is Beauty?," twelve close written sheets in a schoolboy hand, on the nature of æsthetics. We laughed at first. On second consideration we almost wept. Some day a statistician or a crank will reckon just how much wheat could be moved from Manitoba to Liverpool with the wasted power of our embryonic poets. We shudder to think how much "What is Beauty?" would move. But then, perhaps we take a materialistic view of things. Great Heavens, why should we not! If a few fond parents, mothers especially, would take a clearer view of things, how many budding geniuses and minimi poets would be saved the disappointment of the facts when they present themselves? If we are to be poets, let the spontaneous impulse tell us so. Emerson remarked that poetry would out, if not through the pen, in other ways. Effort in its way is very well. It is misguided effort that makes us frown. Rather had our friend kept his creation from the eyes of heartless editorial-rooms. Then had he at least accomplished the attainment of the true poetical spirit, an Emersonian ideal of self-sufficiency.

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